A True

ACCOUNT

Of the late most doleful, and lamentable

TRAGEDY

OF OLD

Maddam Gwinn,

MOTHER

To Maddam *ELENOR GWINN*;

WHO

Was unfortunately drowned, in a Fish-Pond, at her own Mansion-House,

NEAR THE

NEAT-HOUSES.

WITH

An Account how that much to be deplored Accident, came to pass; and what is expected will be the sequel of the same.

With an Epitaph, composed against the Solemnity of her Pompous Funeral, and many other Circumstances.

WOnderful strange are the Fates of some, who without the Prediction of Stars, make their Perigrination into a a Subterranean Pallace; thinking positively to enter without the Art of Conjuration, and that the Grimjaw'd Regent will at all times break his Rest for their Reception; but if they do more seriously consider, and weigh the Order of that place, they'l find a thousand dire Obstructions interpose; for since the grand Imposture was in Hurricanes there sent, he and his barbarous Crew have darely modded'd ancient Customs; and turned topsi turvy all the pleasing Dictates *Trent* Councils had imposed, that none should come without a lawful warning

that place, leaſt Inſurrection be inceſſant made, and all bernined, by ſome Cloſe Intreague; but women ſure, are not ſuch dangerous things, their Tongues the only Weapons are, and they enough to make grand *Pluto* ſtart, not being uſed to peals of Thunder, nor ſhrill Eccho'd ſounds; but ſince now we are diſcourſing concerning ſilent departures, and of noiſeleſs Fates, a ſtrange ſurpriſal whiſpers in our Ears, and tells us, that a chief Matron's gone, being ſent on a Pilgrimage to confeſs her Exorbitancies at the Shrine of *Neptune*, for the abuſes ſhe has lately done to his Element, and the Subje&s of his watery Territories. For this ſtudious Matron by great pains and induſtry, and at her vaſt expence, partly in the diſcovery of the Philoſophers ſtone, and partly to find out an ingenious method to reſtore loſt Maiden-heads, that ſo ſhe might to her abundant profit make a double Morgage to ſuch Buſtoon beauty-hunters who daily accoſted her for the procuration of ſome Roſe-buds tho *June* be paſt, as likewiſe to finde but a private Tincture for to ſpruciſie her Daughters decayed Phiſiognony; amongſt the many ſhe invented, at laſt ſhe found out an experienced way to catch thoſe ſporting Animals, that friſk in watery plains (otherwiſe this) but by reaſon of her great Charge, in acquiring ſuch a peremptory ſecret, 'tis no reaſon but the Reader ſhould contribute for his knowledge towards the Magnificent pomp of her intended Funeral) the which is ſhortly to be ſolemnized, by the Order of her vertuous Daughter, a Lady of great Fame and greater Repute; ſhe among her private Chimical Operations finding *Brandy* to be of a powerful and prevailing Influence, that by the only help of that immortal Liquor ſhe had attained to moſt of her Experiments and that with a ſufficient Doſe, ſhe could at her Pleaſure as ſhe thought moſt fitting and convenient, either quicken or ſtupify the Senſes, or locomotive faculties of Life and Reaſon, often pondering in her Voluminous Cogitations Its Conquering Prevalency: at laſt ſhe reſolving for her better Diverſion, to impoſe upon *Tritonian Neptunes* Subjects, the unthinking Gudgeons, that Sin ſhe her ſelf had been ſo often Guilty of; and as the Devil tempted *Eve* in her Primitive Innocence, by the alluring Inticements of a various coloured Pippin, ſo ſhe to imitate his Craft, getting a new half-penny Loaſe, and taking in her hand a quart of her ſtupifying *Elixar Vitæ*, ſome of the which ſhe drawing into her

Mouth

Mouth by vertue of a Quill, spurred it into the divided Loaf, and so with the moisture, making it up into little Balls or Pellets, the which, she cast into the Element or Fishpond, the which no sooner being in (such a stupendious proficiency attended her Invention) but Sholes of harmless Gudgeons not knowing their powerful Operations) came nib'ing about them, which so tickled her Fancy to behold, that she was resolved not to be behind hand with them; but kept time with her Bottel, and so often did the good old Gentlewoman participate of the comfortable Creature, that she exhausted the quintessence of the *Vas Vitrum*, whereupon her imagination being Elevated, she like *Copernicus* conceived a fond Opinion that the World was made of a Windmil-Sail, and that it danced the Hay, and tripped about the dazling Luminaries of the Azure Skies, and this Opinion did so far prevail upon her Airy *Pericranium*, that seeing the Intrels of her Bottle were excruciated, and that the *Monsieure* was departed, leaving only a bare scent behind him, that it might be known he had been lately there, she was transported so beyond her self for want of new supplies, and thinking now the Fishpond had been turned into the same, and by device of Transubstantiation, it lost its Elementary Constitution, whereupon she never stood to pause, but *Glaucus* like her Feet were turned into Wings, and then she cried I come, nor will I want whilst so much stands in view, and making some Indentures, as the Emblems of a Will, (not needing then a Scrivener for that purpose, straight she flounder'd in; the Fish affrighted, fly and hide themselves within the Ripid Banks, leaving for Manners-sake their Breakfast half behind. But many of them having participated of the Good Matrons bounty were inforced to stay behind, not knowing what a *Habias Corpus* meant, their Benifactor being in, now found her grand mistak; then long in vain did she implore their Aid, but they like her, were far too feeble or insensible to yield the least Relief; and sure had Trident-bearing *Neptune* been there himself, so Corpulent a Mass of Flesh, would have outvied his strength to have delivered her safe on Shoare; but oh, the cruel Fate of some senister Star that ruled her Birth, she there expired, and left the Fish to be the Executors of her Will to this sad and dismal Tragedy, the which has caused a universal Grief among

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the buckſom *Bona-Robas*, So that is generally believed, that upon ſo Tragical occaſion, the Pallace and the Fiſh-pond will be forfeited to her moſt vertuous Daughter, Maddam *Ellen Gwin*, as Lady of the Soil, and chief of all the *Bona-Robas*, that the Suburbian Schools of *Venus* late have fitted for the Game. And now in Gratitude to this good Matrons Memory, to be impoſed upon her Tomb-Stone at the approaching Solemnization we have compoſed this Epitaph as followeth,

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EPITAPH.

HEre lies the Victim of a cruel Fate,
Whom too much Element did Ruinate;
'Tis ſomething ſtrange, but yet moſt wondrous true,
That what we live by, ſhould our Lives undo.
She that ſo oft had powerful Waters try'd,
At laſt with ſilence, in a Fiſh-pond dy'd.
Fate was unjuſt, for had he prov'd but kind;
To make it Brandy, he had pleas'd her Mind.

FINIS.

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